B.A.D. TO THE BONE

BOSOM BUDDIES

PART 1 OF 4

FABIAN NICIEZA	PATRICK ZIRCHER	UDON'S M3TH	GOTHAM	VC'S CORY PETIT
WRITER	PENCILER	INKER	COLORIST	LETTERS

CABLE CREATED BY ROB LIEFELD AND LOUISE SIMONSON

NICOLE WILEY	BARBER & MACCHIO	JOE QUESADA	DAN BUCKLEY
EDITOR	CONSULTING EDITORS	EDITOR IN CHIEF	PUBLISHER

DEADPOOL CREATED BY ROB LIEFELD AND FABIAN NICIEZA

COVER BY

PATRICK ZIRCHER	UDON'S M3TH	ROB SCHWAGER
PENCILER	INKER	COLORIST

MY NAME IS *DIAMONDBACK*. THIS IS *BLACK MAMBA* AND THE *ASP*.

TOGETHER, WE'RE THE *B.A.D. GIRLS*. PROFESSIONAL MERCS WITH A PREFERENCE TOWARDS SNATCH JOBS.

DO NOT EVEN THINK WHAT YOU WERE THINKING.

WHAT? OH--THEM? YEAH--BETTER LISTEN TO HER. BE GEEKS, BUT DON'T BE SUICIDAL.

SOME BACKSTORY, SINCE WE HAVEN'T BEEN AROUND MUCH: I WAS A PROFESSIONAL THIEF BEFORE I WAS TRAINED BY *CAPTAIN AMERICA*, SO I PRETTY MUCH KICK BUTT.

ASP SHOOTS THESE POISONED *STINGING BLASTS* FROM HER FINGERTIPS.

MAMBA CONTROLS THIS OTHER-DIMENSIONAL GOOP CALLED THE *DARKFORCE*, SHE SORT OF EXPOSES YOUR *GREATEST FANTASIES*.

FIGURE FOR MOST OF YOU THAT WOULD BE A CCG *GIANT SIZE X-MEN #1*, WHICH, CONSIDERING HOW MIGHTY FINE WE'RE LOOKING HERE, IS KIND OF SAD, REALLY.

DON'T TEASE THE READER.

DON'T YOU MEAN READERS?

NICOLE SAYS, NO. IT'S STILL PRETTY MUCH ONE GUY.

ANYWAY, IT'S BEEN A FEW WEEKS SINCE CABLE AND DEADPOOL WENT ALL *"LETHAL WEAPON"* AND BECAME BEGRUDGING BEST BUDS.

CABLE'S GONE BACK TO HIS ISLAND SANCTUARY, *PROVIDENCE*, SO HE CAN FIGURE OUT HOW BEST TO *SAVE THE WORLD*. WHAT A SWELL GUY.

AND *DEADPOOL*? WELL, HE WENT BACK TO DOING WHAT HE WAS DOING WHEN ALL OF THIS STARTED...

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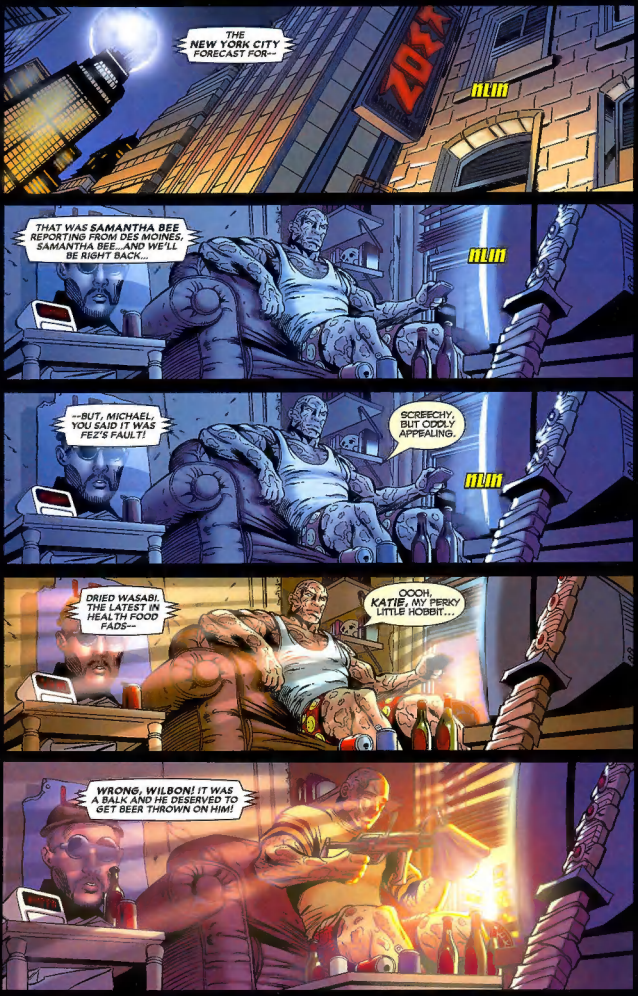
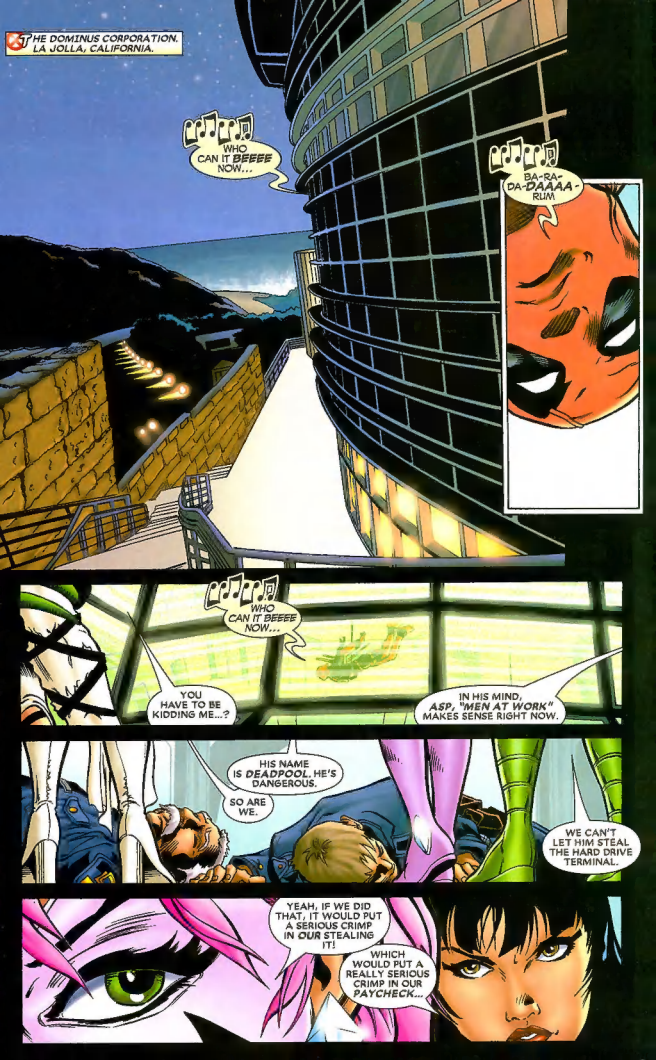
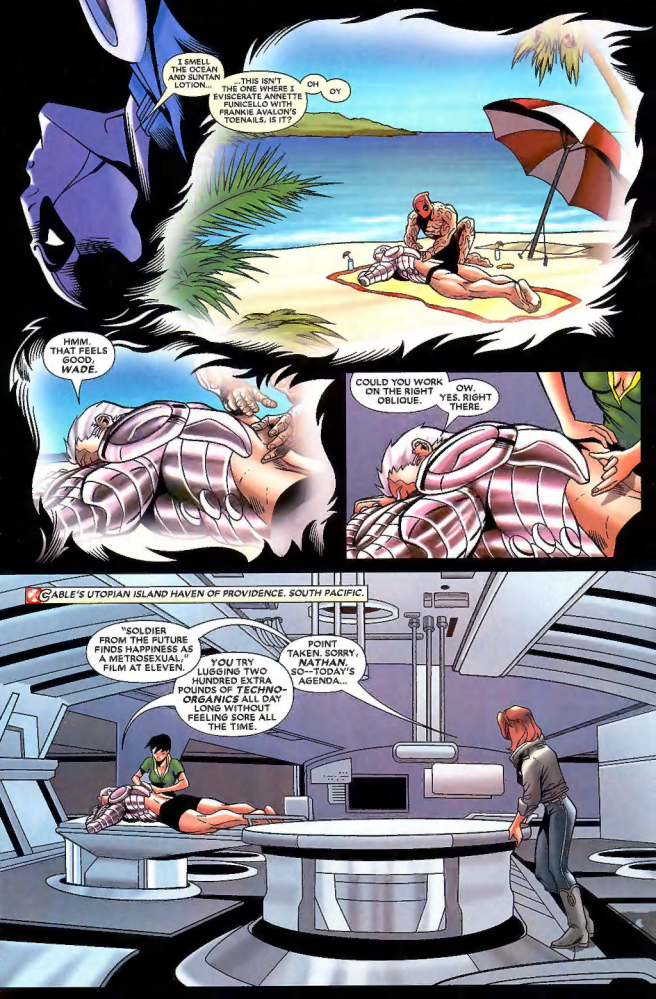

THE NEW YORK CITY FORECAST FOR--
NLIN
THAT WAS SAMANTHA BEE REPORTING FROM DES MOINES, SAMANTHA BEE...AND WE'LL BE RIGHT BACK...
NLIN
--BUT, MICHAEL, YOU SAID IT WAS FEZ'S FAULT!
SCREECHY, BUT ODDLY APPEALING.
NLIN
DRIED WASABI. THE LATEST IN HEALTH FOOD FADS--
OOOH, KATIE, MY PERKY LITTLE HOBBIT...
WRONG, WILBON! IT WAS A BALK AND HE DESERVED TO GET BEER THROWN ON HIM!

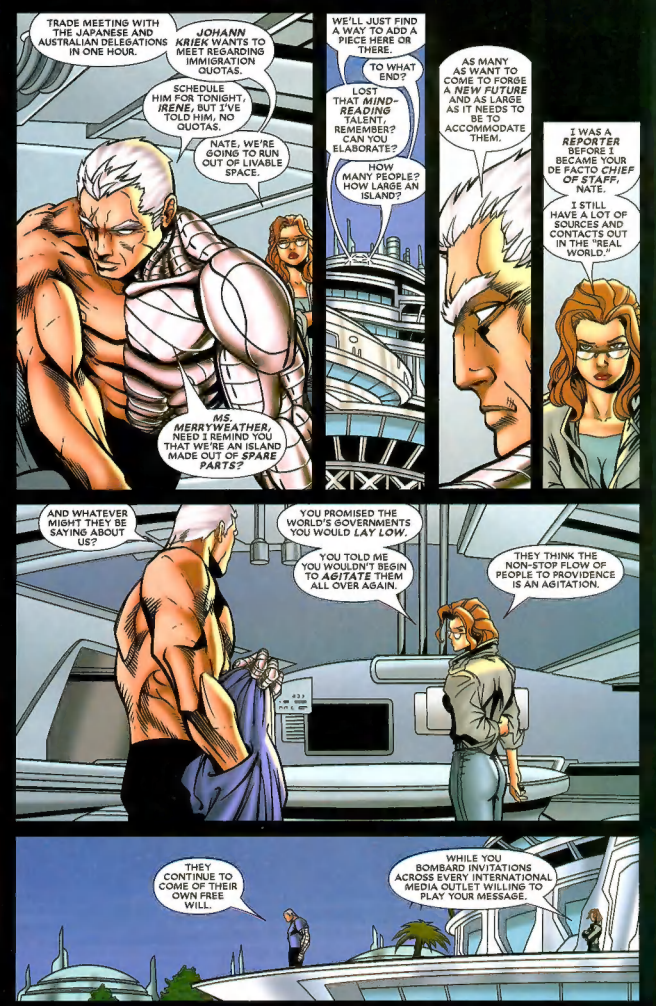
NUMBER ONE ON PEOPLE MAGAZINE'S MOST BEAUTIFUL LIST IS--
BEA ARTHUR!
--MISCHA BARTON--
SHE'S A STICK!
BEA ARTHUR!
RIIN
NEXT ON NICK-- FULL HOUSE!
MARY KATE--OR IT COULD BE ASHLEY... ONE NEVER KNOWS...AND THUS, BUILDS THE SUSPENSE...
BRRINNG
IS THIS DEADPOOL?
HELLO? IS ANYONE THERE?
I WAS TOLD HIS WAS THE NUMBER TO CALL IF I HAD... SPECIAL NEEDS? HELLO--?

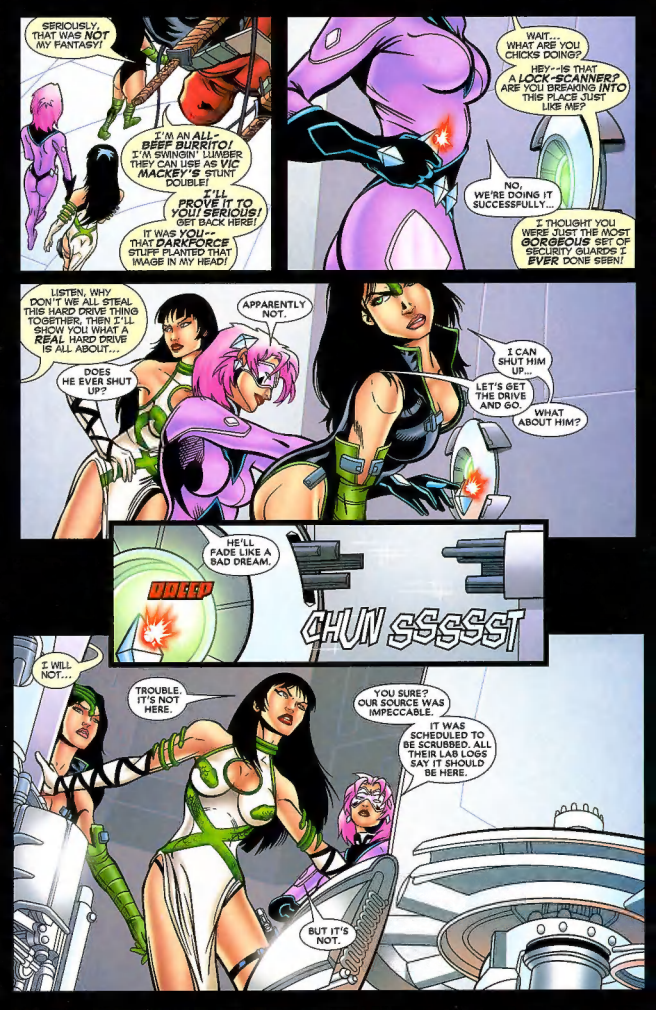
THIS IS DEADPOOL.
THE... MERCENARY--?
I PREFER "WELL-COMPENSATED ESTABLISHMENT PROVOCATEUR."
AH. YES. HAVE YOU EVER HEARD OF THE DOMINUS CORPORATION?
NOPE.
IT'S IN CALIFORNIA.
I REFUSE TO GO TO CALIFORNIA ON MORAL GROUNDS AND ON ACCOUNT OF SEVERAL OUTSTANDING WARRANTS...
I AM WILLING TO PAY A HANDSOME SUM.
OKAY!
OH, WAIT-- I ALMOST FORGOT, THIS IS THE NEW ME-- I HAVE TO ASK WHAT THE JOB IS.
PFFT PFFT PFFT
DOES IT REALLY MATTER?
NOT TO ME. BUT I GOT A FRIEND WHO'S ALL HOLIER-THAN-THOU...
I NEED YOU TO STEAL SOMETHING FROM THE DOMINUS CORPORATION.
OH. OKAY. YEAH, THAT SHOULD BE ALL RIGHT. SO... HOW HANDSOME?
...
I WAS EXPECTING LIKE BRAD PITT GORGEOUS AND YOU'RE OFFERING ME ELIJAH WOOD! ATTRACTIVE, SURE, BUT IN AN ODD, OFF-KILTER KIND OF WAY!
... NO, AS A MATTER OF STRICT FACT, I AM IN A CONSIDERABLY HORRIBLE POSITION TO BARGAIN.
OKAY. YUP. NOPE. UH-HUH. LAGUARDIA? GRRR. OKAY. COACH? GRRR. OKAY...


THE DOMINUS CORPORATION. LA JOLLA, CALIFORNIA.
WHO CAN IT BEEEE NOW...
BA-RA-DA-DAAAA-RUM
WHO CAN IT BEEEE NOW...
YOU HAVE TO BE KIDDING ME...?
IN HIS MIND, ASP, "MEN AT WORK" MAKES SENSE RIGHT NOW.
HIS NAME IS DEADPOOL. HE'S DANGEROUS.
SO ARE WE.
WE CAN'T LET HIM STEAL THE HARD DRIVE TERMINAL.
YEAH, IF WE DID THAT, IT WOULD PUT A SERIOUS CRIMP IN OUR STEALING IT!
WHICH WOULD PUT A REALLY SERIOUS CRIMP IN OUR PAYCHECK...

ETHICS EVOLVE WITH THE TIMES. CHEATING IS ALLOWED.
YOU ALMOST LOOK FAMILIAR. DID I SPIN YOU LIKE A BEANIE PROPELLER AND LEAVE YOU IN A MOTEL IN DUBUQUE?
IF YOU DID, SHE'S OUT OF THE GROUP!
OWWW!
THAT REALLY STUNG! WHAT IS YOUR MALFUNCTION, YOU BI--
DON'T SAY IT.
NO... WHY DON'T YOU EXPLAIN IT TO ME...
WELL, BY EFFECTIVE, I MEAN YOUR ACTIONS ARE QUITE SUCCESSFULLY DIRECTING COPIOUS AMOUNTS OF BLOOD TO QUICKLY RUSH TO MY--
BISCUIT, I WAS GOING TO SAY BISCUIT. SWEET, DULCET, SOFT-ON-THE-INSIDE, CRACKER BARREL BISCUIT.
AND THE SMOKY BLACK JELL-O--VERY EFFECTIVE--IF YOU GET WHAT I'M SAYING...
OKAY, WHO SCRAMBLED ALL MY INNER BAR FLUID--?
SUCCUMB TO YOUR DEEPEST... DARKEST... DESIRE...
FUNNY SONE-FLAVORED BEER?
NO, I GOT DARKER, I JUST KNOW IT...THERE ARE SO MANY TO CHOOSE FROM...


I SMELL THE OCEAN AND SUNTAN LOTION...
...THIS ISN'T THE ONE WHERE I EVISCERATE ANNETTE FUNICELLO WITH FRANKIE AVALON'S TOENAILS, IS IT?
OH
OY
HMM. THAT FEELS GOOD, WADE.
COULD YOU WORK ON THE RIGHT OBLIQUE.
OW. YES. RIGHT THERE.
CABLE'S UTOPIAN ISLAND HAVEN OF PROVIDENCE. SOUTH PACIFIC.
"SOLDIER FROM THE FUTURE FINDS HAPPINESS AS A METROSEXUAL." FILM AT ELEVEN.
YOU TRY LUGGING TWO HUNDRED EXTRA POUNDS OF TECHNO-ORGANICS ALL DAY LONG WITHOUT FEELING SORE ALL THE TIME.
POINT TAKEN, SORRY, NATHAN. SO--TODAY'S AGENDA...


TRADE MEETING WITH THE JAPANESE AND AUSTRALIAN DELEGATIONS IN ONE HOUR.
JOHANN KRIEK WANTS TO MEET REGARDING IMMIGRATION QUOTAS.
SCHEDULE HIM FOR TONIGHT, IRENE. BUT I'VE TOLD HIM, NO QUOTAS.
NATE, WE'RE GOING TO RUN OUT OF LIVABLE SPACE.
MS. MERRYWEATHER, NEED I REMIND YOU THAT WE'RE AN ISLAND MADE OUT OF SPARE PARTS?
WE'LL JUST FIND A WAY TO ADD A PIECE HERE OR THERE.
TO WHAT END?
LOST THAT MIND-READING TALENT, REMEMBER? CAN YOU ELABORATE?
HOW MANY PEOPLE? HOW LARGE AN ISLAND?
AS MANY AS WANT TO COME TO FORGE A NEW FUTURE AND AS LARGE AS IT NEEDS TO BE TO ACCOMMODATE THEM.
I WAS A REPORTER BEFORE I BECAME YOUR DE FACTO CHIEF OF STAFF, NATE.
I STILL HAVE A LOT OF SOURCES AND CONTACTS OUT IN THE "REAL WORLD."
AND WHATEVER MIGHT THEY BE SAYING ABOUT US?
YOU PROMISED THE WORLD'S GOVERNMENTS YOU WOULD LAY LOW.
YOU TOLD ME YOU WOULDN'T BEGIN TO AGITATE THEM ALL OVER AGAIN.
THEY THINK THE NON-STOP FLOW OF PEOPLE TO PROVIDENCE IS AN AGITATION.
THEY CONTINUE TO COME OF THEIR OWN FREE WILL.
WHILE YOU BOMBARD INVITATIONS ACROSS EVERY INTERNATIONAL MEDIA OUTLET WILLING TO PLAY YOUR MESSAGE.


SERIOUSLY, THAT WAS NOT MY FANTASY!
I'M AN ALL-BEEF BURRITO! I'M SWINGIN' LUMBER THEY CAN USE AS VIC MACKEY'S STUNT DOUBLE!
I'LL PROVE IT TO YOU! SERIOUS! GET BACK HERE!
IT WAS YOU-- THAT DARKFORCE STUFF PLANTED THAT WAGE IN MY HEAD!
WAIT... WHAT ARE YOU CHICKS DOING?
HEY--IS THAT A LOCK-SCANNER? ARE YOU BREAKING INTO THIS PLACE JUST LIKE ME?
NO, WE'RE DOING IT SUCCESSFULLY...
I THOUGHT YOU WERE JUST THE MOST GORGEOUS SET OF SECURITY GUARDS I EVER DONE SEEN!
LISTEN, WHY DON'T WE ALL STEAL THIS HARD DRIVE THING TOGETHER, THEN I'LL SHOW YOU WHAT A REAL HARD DRIVE IS ALL ABOUT...
APPARENTLY NOT.
DOES HE EVER SHUT UP?
I CAN SHUT HIM UP...
LET'S GET THE DRIVE AND GO.
WHAT ABOUT HIM?
HE'LL FADE LIKE A BAD DREAM.
OOOP
CHUN SSSSST
I WILL NOT...
TROUBLE. IT'S NOT HERE.
YOU SURE? OUR SOURCE WAS IMPECCABLE.
IT WAS SCHEDULED TO BE SCRUBBED. ALL THEIR LAB LOGS SAY IT SHOULD BE HERE.
BUT IT'S NOT.

THEIR SECURITY LOG SAYS A FREELANCE SCRUBBER CHECKED OUT LESS THAN AN HOUR AGO UNDER AN ENCODED NUMERICAL IDENTITY.
SO WHERE IS THE DRIVE? DID THEY PUT IT BACK INTO THE SYSTEM?
NO--ACCORDING TO THIS, HE--OR SHE--WASN'T CONTRACTED TO DO THAT--JUST A STERILE SCRUB AND FILE REPAIR...
DOMINUS DOESN'T TRUST THEIR INTERNAL PEOPLE WITH A DRIVE-CLEANING THAT INVOLVES INFORMATION THEY COULD PIECE TOGETHER--
--AND THEY DON'T TRUST A FREE-LANCER WITH SEEING WHAT THEIR COMBINED DRIVES HOLD.
EVERYONE KNOWS JUST ENOUGH NOT TO KNOW ENOUGH.
EXACTLY.
SO IF THE CLEANER TOOK IT, RACHEL, WE FIND HIM!
WHAT IF SOMEONE STOLE IT BETWEEN THE TIME HE WAS DONE AND WE GOT HERE?
THAT'S LIKE A TWENTY-MINUTE WINDOW! WHO'S THAT GOOD?
WE ARE.
SO THEN WHY'RE YOU EMPTY-HANDED?
YOU REALLY WANT TO WASTE OUR TIME FIGHTING?
NO WAY...

I JUST WANNA TAKE A MINUTE OF YOUR TIME TO PROVE THAT FANTASY WAS BOGUS!
SO LET'S GO, LADIES, RIGHT HERE, RIGHT NOW!
HE...HE'S WEARING YELLOW PANTIES.
WOMEN'S PANTIES...
IT WAS PART OF A...SPARE COSTUME...UHM... I SORTA LET THE LAUNDRY SLIDE THIS WEEK...
...BUT STILL--I MEAN, SO WHAT--? I'M EVEN MORE OF A MAN FOR WEARING THESE!
REALLY-- I CAN PROVE IT TO YOU...
I DIDN'T MEAN A MINUTE FOR ALL THAT OF YOU!
DID YOU EVER HAVE ONE OF THOSE LIVES...?

"HEY--WAIT UP-- HMMM...WHERE'D THEY GO...?"
WE'RE GETTING OVERRUN...
ONE SECOND AND I'LL HAVE THEIR PHONE RECORDS DOWNLOADED--
--WE'LL MATCH THOSE NUMBERS AGAINST KNOWN FREELANCE CLEANERS...
THAT'S A LOT OF PAPERWORK. AND NUMBERS. YOU KNOW I DON'T LIKE NUMBERS EXCEPT ON CHECKS.
"THERE MUST BE AN EASIER WAY TO DO THIS..."
NOAH JACOBS VICE PRESIDENT OF ACCOUNTING SERVICES
YOU CUT A CHECK FOR A FREELANCE CLEANER. GIVE ME HIS NAME!
HE WAS PAID IN CASH--I SWEAR--I DON'T KNOW HIS NAME--
--IF ■ WAS WORKING ON THE DOMINUS OBJECTIVE, THAT'S BEYOND MY LEVEL OF ACCESS--
--HE DID SAY ■ HAD TO GET TO LAX FOR ANOTHER JOB ON LONG ISLAND...
...PLEASE DON'T HIT ME AGAIN AND I'LL DO YOUR TAXES FOR FREE FOR FIVE YEARS!
TEN.
DEAL!
YEAH, 'CEPT I DON'T PAY TAXES!
POW

PROVIDENCE. HOURS LATER...
PULL.
THIS THING IS SO MUCH LIGHTER THAN A REGULAR M-16...
YOU COMPENSATED NICELY. GOOD SHOT, JOHANN.
AT THE RATE YOU'RE LETTING PEOPLE IN, I'M GOING TO NEED A LOT MORE OF THESE...
PROVIDENCE DOESN'T WORK VERY WELL AS A HAVEN IF PEOPLE CAN'T COME HERE.
I UNDERSTAND YOUR CONCERNS AS HEAD OF SECURITY-- I DO--BUT MAXIMIZING OUR POPULATION [redacted] IS ALL PART OF THE PLAN.
WHAT PLAN?
WHY, MY SECRET INSIDIOUS PLAN TO RULE THE WORLD, OF COURSE.
PULL!

FWACHOOM!
YOU KNOW, NATHAN...
...I HAVE NO IDEA IF YOU'RE JOKING OR NOT...
PLEASE HAVE A *SKIMMER JET* PREPPED FOR TAKEOFF.
WHERE ARE YOU GOING...?

RAND-MEACHUM CORPORATION. LONG ISLAND.
MAN, I LOVE DUCT TAPE. I LOVE HOW IT TAPES. I LOVE THE SOUND IT MAKES.
I LOVE SAYING IT.
DUCT TAPE. DUCT TAPE. DUCT TAPE.
DUCT TAPE. DUCT TAPE. DUCT TAPE...

HEY... THIS IS A SURPRISE.
YOU AN OFFICE DRONE OR ARE YOU THE HIRED CLEANER?
WAYD-- ID DAD DU?
UHM... YO NO HABLO INGLES.
WAYD, DU IDDIT, I DOH DOOR BOICE!
DRAT! EVERYONE GETS MY VOICE ON ACCOUNT OF THE HOLLOW, CRINKLY DE-MEB SOUND IT MAKES AND THE FUNKY YELLOW BALLOONS.
BUT YOU HAVE ME AT A DISADVANTAGE, GOOD SIR--
--SINCE YOUR MUFFLED NASAL TWANG COULD BE IDENTIFIED AS ANY ONE OF COUNTLESS BILLIONS.
YOU'RE AN IDIOT.
WEASEL?
MY ARMAMENT-SELLING, COMPUTER-SCRUBBING, BATTLESTAR GALACTICA-LOVING LIL' BUDDY?

DEAR... BADDOL

Hi, everyone. Cable here. I've finally been able in convince Nicole to let me answer the letters. I might not do as chalcholingly funny as Deadpool, but I assure you I'll answer every letter honestly and politely.

"Hey, Nate--look over there--Apocalypse is comin' back!" No, it isn't.

"He is, serious!"

You're just trying to distract me so you can answer the letters, Wade.

"No, really--just ask Nicole!"

...Okay, fine--Nicole--is Apocalypse really coming back? Uhm--Nathan, Apocalypse is weird. I'm not used to breaking the fourth wall. I'm a little dizzy--losing focus--like listening to one of Ralph's stories for six days straight--yeah--okay--about Apocalypse. It looks like it might be happening. I mean, I'm sure we won't have any solid details until about three weeks after our tie-in issue ships, but the answer is yes."

Oh. Okay. Uhm... excuse me, everybody, I have to go prepare for another cataclysmic world-shattering, emotionally exhausting storyline...

Oooh baby, yeah! Deadpool here and I get to answer the letters again! Ga'head, ga'head...

Hey, Deadpool,

I think we should take our act on the road, what do you think? Deadpool and Tomato Assassin, we can be part-time mercs and become full-time undercover agents to find out the whereabouts of Mary Kate and Ashley. You know that warrant won't keep them away from us forever! I think we'd be a good team. You'd take the Jean Grey costume from *C&DF #9*, and I'll wear Storm's costume. "The Men from the Pageant" has a certain ring to it, don't you think?

Oh, and it's about time you made your move on Siryn. You know she can't resist the Merc with a Mouth, and if you don't make your move I'll have to, and then we'll have to fight, and I'll distract you by pointing and shouting "Bea Arthur!," but then you'll nail me in the earlier regions, and I'll have lost my only weapon as it'll have gone to the higher frequencies. I'll give you a bear, rid the world of some clowns and we'll watch reruns of *Maximus*. But I think I'll stick to the team idea instead.

To the creators: you guys are doing an amazing job, the combination of Cable and Deadpool (especially Deadpool) is great, and every time I pick this up I laugh so loud--especially at the Jean Grey costume incident in *C&DF #9*, that was so funny I nearly cried. The art and storylines are great, and work for the perfect combination. Keep up the good work...oh yeah, and *Essential Deadpool* is a great idea!

Bodysslide by one,
Alex Chessun

So, Alex, I'm not 100% sure you get that fine line between reality and THIS IS A COMIC BOOK, YOU CORKSCREW! Other than that little bounce you got going back and forth over the line, we're cool, but I really don't want to see you in any of Storm's costumes.

As far as *Essential Deadpool* goes, Marvel will probably get around to giving me a Nate our own *Essential* volume as soon as they realize they're still publishing our book. Which means don't hold your breath. Seriously, *Essential War of the Worlds*, but not *Essential Mo'*! just don't get it...

Okay.

So I've never been a big fan of Fabian, maybe because I can't figure out how to say his name (heck, spelling it is hard), but also because he's never grabbed me with his writing. Until now.

I was frankly in awe of this title. He didn't step back and make it *X-Force*, or completely turn it into a Deadpool book. The balance between the characters reminds me of Bail and Lou. Just don't do a "Cable and Wade Meet Frankenstein" issue.

I expected this story to bond them together on less of a molecular level, but more of a gene threat and have Cable turn to Deadpool and enlist his help. But I really like how the characters have found a way to not work together, but still find the time to shoot each other.

Anyway thanks.
Ren Laike

Fabian says that those name-pronouncing jokes always go over really well with him, Ren, so keep them up. Nothing like original humor to make us flash our pearly whites. And his bitterness has nothing to do with you not being a big fan of his work, he says. Seriously. I'm sure he means it, even though he's total in a corner crying.

Fabian also says it's time to end this response 'cause it's not funny enough.

Dear Deadpool,

Did you know my father's name is Wade? Or that his brother's name is Wilson? Wade . . . Wilson . . . I mean, what's up with that? Are you some kind of genetic forebear thrust into the past? (Hey, you're hanging out with Cable lately, so I figure it's not all that improbable.) I mean, my grandfather's name is Palmer, so that can't be it, but he's like 96 years old and still kicking it harsh. Most think it's because he switched from smokin' the pipe to chewing tobacco, but I gotta wonder if maybe he's got some of that good ole healing factor goin' on. Y'know, Weapon X projects, and what with us living up here in Canada and all.

Well, even if there is no relation, can I call you Grampsy anyway? Please?

Darryl Etheridge
Toronto, Ontario, Canada

It really must be something in the water up there, Darryl, or maybe the cold air? I don't know, but you Canucks sure are a bunch of whacko-doodles.

But on the other hand, your Grampsy sounds like a pretty cool guy and he probably took a punk to the face all a Gordie Howe slapshot back in nineteen-ought-six.

And thanks for reminding me the Weapon X project is in Canada. I might go invade your country or something.

Dear Mr. Deadpool,

First, I'm bothered that you take time out of your busy schedule to chat with us fans. You, sir, are a true American hero. The world would be a much better place if we had more people like you in it. Of course there would be less people in the world because I'm sure there would be more killings, but hey, that's the price to pay for witty conversation.

I have to tell you that this is one of the best comics on the market. You and Mr. Cable are truly one of the best odd couples in comics. Fabian has been one of my favorite writers for quite some time. Patrick Zircher is a fantastic artist and really underappreciated.

Anyway I have some numbered questions I know you enjoy so much.

1) When did you first fall in love with Bea Arthur?
2) Any chance your old pal Blind Al will stop by for a visit? Can you at least tell me what she's doing? She's my favorite foul-mouthed old lady ever!!
3) What veteran actress would you like to show up just so you could beat them up? I love seeing you beat people up.
4) Please get somebody at Marvel to make a Deadpool movie. Live action or animated, I don't care, just make it!!
5) When Mr. Cable was stuck in the body of a child, what precautions did you take to keep him away from a certain pop star? I won't name names but I think you know who. I'm talking about. That's all I can think of. Keep up the good work.

Your pal,
James Dillon
Sedalia, MO

Oooh--numbered questions! But first, might I mention, James, that you win The Letter of the Month Award, not just because of the guilty numbered questions, but because you are truly a visionary whose world-view is rather simpatico to my own. Yes, indeed, the world would be a better place--and a less populated one--if many people were like me! So on to your questions, good sir...

1) From the very moment she appeared as *All in the Family* and stood up to Archie Bunker. That husky voice. That imposing 6'5" frame. That long purple frock dress/coat thing. Sigh...
2) Blind Al came by for a visit already, but she couldn't see it was between issues. Maybe she'll come back when we're all actually on the page. As for where she is? Bumping into furniture somewhere in Dollywood, probably.
3) What a great idea! I never thought of that before! There are so many to choose from. Franklin Richards would be fun, long as he's not all cosmic-powered.

Those twin babies Scarlett Witch had and forgot about, that would be cool, too, 'cause besides its fact they're not even real, they probably couldn't fight worth much. Ooh, maybe Artie from X-Factor. He's a shrimpy bumpy little dweeb.

Hey, Nicole--can we do like a whole 4-part arc where I just kick the crap out of small lame-o characters? What? Seriously? Spider Man? He's kinda small, but he's not lame. He's coming up soon?

Hmm... will Mary Jane be in the book, too, 'cause that would be cool...

4) Okay, I tried pulling a gun up to some studio execs' heads, but I was flipped over and crushed with a black booted heel. Those are some tough dudes.
5) That would have been a thriller for sure...

Dear Deadpool

First dude, I must say you totally rock. Anyway, I have two questions:

1) Back in issue 17, when you were in the House of M universe, you, Cannonball and Siryn had memory of the universe before House of M. But in *Uncanny X-Men #463*, when Rachel and Betsy arrived in the House of M universe they were suddenly transformed into their House of M counterparts. How come that didn't happen to you three?
2) Since this story arc's name is *Enemy of the State*, how come there are no references to the Blink-182 album *Enema of the State*? I really thought a pop culture junkie (no, not Quentin Tarantino) like you would've made some comment in the overview or something like that. Anyway, keep up the great work.

Scott J. Bechtel

Oooh, numbered questions! But these are tougher. Forcing me to think--body angled in Shatnerian contortions--must prevent--handing out--No-Prize...

1) We were all linked to Forge's harness which had already traveled to so many alternate Earths that it created an electromagnetic resonance disharmony around us that prevented us from being affected by the world Scarlet Witch had discombobulated. Yeah, Scott, that's it...

2) See, I'm only as good a pop culture junkie as the man putting words in my mouth, and as a borderline old coot, Fabian wouldn't know Blink-182 if they jumped up and bit him on the scrotum, so his use of the "Enema of the State" title was simply a parody of Mark Millar's Wolverine arc while also serving to have a subtler, hidden meaning, that only a few people on the Internet Boards have guessed correctly.

But Boy Genius of the Character Depth Fabian says the meaning will become clear in our 25th issue. Is that the one where I mud-wrestle Mary Jane? No? What's up with our 25th? A gold-sparkly old-fashioned '80s cover that sells like 400,000 copies? No? What do you mean you're not saying word? Nicole, c'mon...Sigh. She's not talking. When she wants to clam up, she's like a frickin' oyster with Crazy Glue for lips. Must Marvel editors are trained to keep quiet for fear of death. So anyway...

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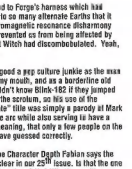
NEXT ISSUE:



We take our Dominus Objective leer on the road as the B.A.D. Girls travel to Hong Kong and we reveal who hired the Cat to steal the computer software. Meanwhile, Nate and I crack the Internet in half. Seriously. And Quesada gets a royally payment every time we say it! Plus, one of the few villains we have in our rogue's gallery gets blown to smithereens. Which might be one reason we don't have too many villains in our rogue's gallery...

...WHY HE JUST INFECTED MY COMPANY'S COMPUTER SYSTEM WITH THE DOMINUS OBJECTIVE?
OR HOW ABOUT WE JUST HIT YOU LIKE SIX-YEAR-OLD GIRLS...WITH NUKES IN OUR KNUCKLES?!
CAGE
SWEET CHRISTMAS, I'M GONNA GET A WHUPPIN'!

NEXT: POWER MAN & IRON FIST VS. CABLE & DEADPOOL! 'NUFF SAID! WELL, WITH US, IT'S NEVER ENOUGH SAID, SO...WHO'S REALLY GONNA GET A WHUPPIN'? WHO REALLY STOLE THE HARD DRIVE? WHAT'S THE SECRET OF THE DOMINUS OBJECTIVE? WHAT ARE THE B.A.D. GIRLS GONNA DO ABOUT IT? AND IS DEADPOOL GONNA BUY SOME SUNTAN LOTION...?

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